And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet Love.
Fri. Hold then, goe home, be merry, give conſent
To marry *París:* wedneſday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lye alone,
Let not thy Nurſe lye with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this viall being then in bed,
And this diſtilling liquor drinke thou off,
When preſently through all thy veines ſhall runne
A cold and drowſie humour: for no pulſe
Shall keep his native progreſſe, but ſurceaſe;
No warmth, no breath ſhall teſtifie thou liv'ſt.
The roſes in thy lips and cheekes ſhall fade
To paly aſhes, thy eyes windowes fall,
Like death when he ſhuts up the day of life:
Each part depriv'd of ſupple government,
Shall ſtiffe and ſtarke and cold appeare like death:
And in this borrow'd likeneſſe of ſhrunke death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake as from a pleaſant ſleepe.
Now when the bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our countrey is,
In thy beſt robes, uncover'd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds grave:
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lye:
In the meane time againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking: and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua.*
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no inconſtant joy nor womaniſh feare
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Ju. Give me, give me, O tell me not of feare.
Fri. Hold, get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous

In

In this reſolve: Ile ſend a Frier with ſpeed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.
Jul. Love give me ſtrength, and ſtrength ſh
Farewell deare father.
Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nur
vingmen, two or three.
Cap. So many gueſts invite as here are writ
Sirrah, goe hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You ſhall have none ill ſir, for Ile try
their fingers.
Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?
Ser. Marrie ſir it is an ill Cooke that cann
fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fin
me.
Cap. Goe be gone, we ſhall be much unfurn
what? is my daughter gone to Frier *Laurence*
Nur. I forſooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to doe ſome goo
A peeviſh ſelfe-will'd harlotry it is.
Enter Juliet.
Nur. See where ſhe comes from ſhrift with
Cap. How now my head-ſtrong, where ha
ding?
Jul. Where I have learnt to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To you and your beheſts, and am injoin'd
By holy *Laurence* to fall proſtrate here,
To begge your pardon: pardon I beſeech you,
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.
Cap. Send for the County, goe tell him of t
Ile have this knot knit up to morrow morning
Jul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Laurence*
And gave him what becommed love I might,
Not ſtepping ore the bounds of modeſty.
Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is well, ſtand
This is as 't ſhould be, let me ſee the County
I marry, goe I ſay and fetch him hither.